

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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[NUMBER 25.]

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A SUCCESSFUL BOOK.

THE EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY; or, suggestions of an Individual Immortality, based upon our Organic and Life History. By Dr. C. T. Stockwell. We can give this week but a few extracts from many favorable reviews and letters received since our last number went to press. Mr. E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God," writes the author: "If my book has done nothing else, I shall count it to have well paid me by having given me your book and your acquaintance. I am reading it with a keen relish and delicious sensation of satisfaction . . . I shall at once write an article on Science and Immortality, giving strong emphasis to your truly noble work."

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The Open Court, in its last issue, discusses the book in a four-page editorial, in the course of which it says: "Although we do not agree with the views presented therein, we thank the author sincerely for the pleasure his suggestive little book gave us. . . . The book is attractively written and full of poetic thought. . . . The author proves his deep insight into the nature of life and death."

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EDITORIAL.

HE is a poor advocate of Christianity who seeks to advance its interest by obliterating moral distinctions and ignoring or apologizing for unscrupulous standards.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us to explain our meaning of the word "supernaturalism." Far removed from our thought is that which seeks to resolve all the phenomena of life to the terms of matter. We believe in the sovereignty of law in spirit as in physics, and find no room for miracle in the sense of interference with the methods of God, the uniformity of law.

"Out of the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old."

It tells the secret of a life, this "sentence" which shall follow, and we pass it on to spring up like seed in other "expense-books" and albums and Bibles and memories and lives, and perhaps in some society somewhere that will adopt it as their motto and call themselves the "Postponers." But it must be a *secret* society. The letter that brought it said, "This sentence was written in dear Aunt Hannah's expense-book, and her sister sends it to you with her love:

To postpone my own pleasure to others' convenience,
My own convenience to others' comfort,
My own comfort to others' want,
And my own want to others' extreme need.

A VENERABLE subscriber of UNITY kindly writes us this week that he must drop UNITY in order to avoid "mental disturbance." "Not because," he says, "I find fault with its theology based on its broad Christian foundation—I am a Unitarian in its most liberal sense—but because it coquettes with the *isms* of the day,—questions of socialism, woman's suffrage, taxation and so forth." We are very sorry to part company with any kindly, old-time reader, but we are ready to plead guilty, not of *coquetting*, but of directly, honestly *courting* such an acquaintance with the *isms* of the day as will enable us in some poor fashion to contribute our mite towards solving the problems of the day. We have no social panacea to offer and no hobby to ride, but we do believe profoundly that there are wrongs yet to right, and that this last quarter of the 19th century is "about the Father's business" when it is wrestling with these wrongs and groping for these rights. In social and political matters, as in theological and religious matters, we believe the open position, the forward look, the unbarred gate to be the true one.

Two new tracts are ready in the UNITY SHORT TRACT series. No. 18 is the "Ministry of Sorrow," by Rev. Joseph May, of Philadelphia,—a sermon printed in the *Unitarian* a few months ago. In that form it attracted the attention of one of the earnest Post-Office Mission workers at the east, and by her request and help it enters our band of pamphlet messengers. She wrote, "Before moving in the matter, I tested the worth of the sermon by sending it to two friends. I was sure it would go to the hearts of those who have accepted sorrow, but it is those who rebel for whom I have the most solicitude, those who have never dreamed that sorrow has a 'ministry.' One of the two to whom I sent it wrote, 'It is truly the best I have ever seen, and should be kept near, and read often to help to keep one aright.'" The other new tract, No. 19, is the sermon lately printed in UNITY by John C. Learned, on "Religion not Theology." It is really a word

concerning revivals, and will be useful in neighborhoods that in "getting religion" are forgetting reason and charity and moral discernment. The price of each tract is one cent; 60 cents per hundred copies.

MR. SALTER spoke last Sunday at the Grand Opera House, in this city, on the evils of child labor. Of this iniquity across the seas, in European coal mines, or even in New England cotton mills, there is some vague general intelligence; but when he brings it home to Chicago, and speaks of things right here among well known business houses, it makes us gasp and makes us ashamed of ourselves. There is no class of business men in this city who are probably making more rapid strides to wealth and the respectable position which wealth brings, than the retail dry goods men; and still, of these men and their business, Mr. Salter makes the following terrible arraignment: "Do you know the system of fines in the retail shops? In one of them there are sixty floor-walkers, whose business is not so much to detect shop-lifters as to maintain the system of espionage upon the employes. A child is fined from 5 to 20 cents for talking, or laughing, or yielding a moment to the weariness and languor that are forever weighing the young spirit down; and it has even been stated that the floor-walkers are expected to impose fines sufficient to make up the amount of their weekly salaries, so as to cost their employers nothing. A girl was fined for accidentally creaking a door, another was fined 50 cents for breaking a mirror that sold for 35 cents. These facts are mere illustrations of a system. Women and children are the victims of this espionage. You will not find that fines are imposed upon men. Why not? Why are strong men exempt from this persecution? Because they will not stand it. The system is really a mere money-making device to wring a few pennies from those who are too weak to resist."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Register* is much alarmed lest the Unity Clubs, devoted as they are to sincere study and to the finding of fellowship on the high grounds of human thought and feeling, as expressed in the noblest outcome of the human soul, as found in literature, art, science, history and religion, should kill Unitarian churches. Over every church thus deceased let it be written, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." They are better in their graves than above ground. Alas, for the spiritual life that is afraid of the product of the spirit! This correspondent instances in proof of this suicidal theory the case of "a young man of high ability and of noble consecration who has been repelled from our ministry and led to accept a settlement in the orthodox body, largely because one of our ministers told him in all seriousness that skill in the management of reading clubs was essential to the work of our ministry." [The italics are ours.] We suspect that young man has gone to the right place. We have known a great many ministers who have concluded to remain in orthodox harness upon being told that, other things being equal, the salary of a Unitarian minister was less and the opportunity of work more precarious. Only those who find a sublime necessity laid upon their souls to present the problems of life, death and eternity, the thought of God, man and duty to their fellow-beings in a way and from a stand-point that no honest soul can in an orthodox pulpit, will find a congenial place among Unitarian workers. The difference between the Unitarian position and that of the orthodox is not a difference concerning bands and buttons, but a difference fundamental

and soul-searching,—a difference that makes a difference of methods a joyous necessity, a splendid life-forming and heart-warming privilege.

WE never saw a portrait of Jesus which embodied what we conceive him to be, as the Gospels portray him. In the great painting of Muncacksy, which Mr. Wanamaker purchased for \$125,000, the face of Christ is that of a fanatic. But look at the image the Gospels give us of him. He was not as John, an ascetic, but came eating and drinking, was often at the feast, and took part in the social festivities. He was, moreover, capable of a great anger, taking a whip of cords, and driving the money-changers out of the temple. His "I say unto you" shows a strong, positive nature, yet Christ is painted with attenuated form, womanly face, with ethereal, unearthly look. But as he is seen in all the Gospels, there is something strong, rugged, even brusque about him. We would paint him broad of brow, broad of breast, large of hand,—a granite pillar covered with roses. To us in his personality he seems born to command, strong of intellect, large in moral genius—a being of kingly power, but who used all that power for mothering and serving. Born to rule, he walked this earth with kingly tread, yet never crushed a "flower or a poor human heart." So we look upon him who is called the gentle Nazarene as large natured, of wondrous enthusiasm, a magnificent physique, and a voice like the music of the sea.

J. G. T.

The Study of Art.

Prof. W. T. Harris, who interested so large a constituency at the Dante School, held in this city during holiday week, has been engaged to give a course of five lectures or interpretations of art on consecutive Monday evenings, beginning February 20. Among the pictures to be interpreted are the Madonnas of Holbein, Raphael's Transfiguration, Angelo's Last Judgment, Da Vinci's Last Supper, as well as the masterpieces of sculpture by Angelo and others. Simultaneously with the course here, he is to give the same lectures at Indianapolis, Terre Haute and St. Louis. This is a tempting and much-neglected field for the missionary of culture. Art as an accomplishment, a decoration to wealth and leisurely lives, sooner or later ends in mental debility and affectation, the legitimate fruit of which is the enervating bric-a-brac craze and the Oscar Wildeish languor. Art is intimately related with the highest intellectual life of the race, and cannot be understood except by those touched by intellectual and moral seriousness. Hunt, the artist of whom America is justly proud, said that Michael Angelo was so great that the subsequent generation have furnished no man large enough to interpret him. To understand any great work of art requires far more scientific acquaintance with the antecedents and the environment that produced it than is necessary to the understanding of a great battle; and the picture in turn is a much profounder interpretation of the age that produced it than is the military campaign. The genius of might belongs to the coarser and cruder side of human nature; but the genius of beauty is related to the most subtle and lofty elements of the soul. When our schools will make our children as conversant with the names of great artists and their masterpieces, in all ages, as they now are with the names of generals and their great battles, they will make more intelligent students of history of them, and wiser citizens. To study art in this way implies a stalwart love of truth much more than some nimble finger dexterity which is supposed to reveal the embryonic artist. Indeed, only to the seeker after truth is beauty in its highest combinations disclosed. The great artists had great minds, and they stood solidly upon the earth. The students of these artists must needs bring along all the brains they have, and they must keep their feet upon the ground. We know that there is great temptation under certain philosophic predilections for the interpreter of art as the interpreter of literature to read all creation, including John Smith's brindle cow, into every masterpiece. To yield to this temptation is unscientific and debilitating.

What we want is not rhapsody, but rational appreciation; but this indulgence is not so much to be dreaded as the debilitating removal of art and artists into the realm of luxuries—things to be enjoyed, like silks and satins, if one can afford them.

We trust Mr. Harris's lectures will have large hearings. They ought to be heard not only in the lecture room of the Art Institute, but in the Labor Union halls of Chicago, and by all the upper grammar grades and high school children of our city; and Mr. Harris, and not some lesser mind, is the one needed to carry art to those who must needs walk the labor paths of life. Thus would he enable those who may fail to realize the ideal still to idealize the real.

Is Woman a Unit or a Fraction?

Social evolution has been a steady growth from the simple application of physical force to the subtle recognition of spiritual freedom. The word of the primitive man was "might," the word of the coming man must be "right." The time was, and perhaps still remains when *brawn* carried or carries regal authority; the hour cometh, perhaps now is, when *brain* wears or will wear the emblems of royalty. The reign of muscle is gradually developing into the reign of nerve. Thought is now the strongest force in society, and feeling is a better defense of the state than armies. Under the old regime he who could deal the heaviest blow became chief of the clan. Saul was made king because he towered head and shoulders above the others in the camp. Then the most warlike clan became the center of the nation, and the conquered became slaves to the conquerors. Then man wooed woman with a biudgeon. The husband captured his wife as he would a deer, and led her home as he would a horse. Once the e her unquestioned duty was to submit. Both law and religion merged what little individuality she may have had as a maiden into that of her husband. She was lost, and became a part of the possessions of her liege and master. All earlier religions thus recognize the dependence of woman upon man. The Mormon faith of to-day, which shuts the gates of Paradise against all women who are not led hither by a man is but a religious anachronism, a curious revival of primitive thought. Our courts and customs are full of such reminiscences; our standing army is a relic of the dreaded king whose prowess was a terror to the neighbors, whose strength was a tyranny to the citizens. Slowly but surely society finds the finer rhythm of the spirit, it grows more plastic to the rights of a soul. In this larger adjustment woman has steadily come forward as an individual character, a separate entity, a self-centered *unit* in the spiritual commonwealth. The growth of a state may be measured by the scope it grants to woman. Not because woman has any special charm of sanctity, but because it is a recognition by the state of the intangible, the immaterial forces that pertain to spirit rather than to the physical and brutal forces that pertain to matter. History proves what the law of justice would predict, that the most perfect home, the truest state and the most spiritual church are found where man and woman find their equal counterpoise in an individuality equally sacred; a personality equally defined, each possessing spiritual natures committed to the same law, bound by the same standard, judged by the same code. A woman can neither be a slave nor an angel in the domestic relations without marring them. She must be a *woman*, standing alongside of man, shoulder to shoulder with him. The old ages of chivalry, around which romance and minstrelsy have thrown a false glamour of sentimental light, were ages of coarseness and injustice, because men regarded woman as an elegant attachment, an angelic luxury. Such an estimate generally ended in treating woman after marriage as a slave and chattel. We discard the angel theory of woman, and for the same reason discard the devil theory of man. One is not essentially white, neither is the other essentially black. Women's hands have been capable of all the crimes that masculine cupidity has perpetrated, and on the other hand masculine feet have climbed all the heights

of saintliness that woman's spirit has ever graced. Men and women are compounded of the same clay, beset with the same limitations and endowed with the same possibilities, and the highest domestic felicity is found in a frank recognition of these facts.

What is true of the home is true of the state. The state that rests upon the bayonet is either dead or dying; the state resting upon the brain and conscience of the individual has come or is coming in its stead. The state that existed for the governing is well-nigh gone out of the world. Monarchy is but a trinket of state-craft; the realm no longer belongs to the king or the queen, but the king or the queen belong to the realm. Government exists for the governed now. "No taxation without representation" carries with it a far-reaching logic. Wherever there is intelligence, wherever there is conscience, wherever there is the power to direct labor or to conserve the results of labor, there exists, in justice, a factor of government. And these qualities nowhere run parallel to sex lines. Man has achieved fame in no department of life which woman has not by this time penetrated. Even the battle-field has its Boadicea, its Joan of Arc, and its Mother Bickerdyke. John Howard is balanced with Dorothea Dix and Clara Barton. Herschel, the great astronomer, found that his sister Caroline could sweep the skies with a telescope as she would the floor with a broom, and pick up as many new stars in an evening as he could. In the field of political economy, Harriet Martineau taught as men could not, and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Frances Willard have pierced public sins and aroused public conscience, developed the consciousness of state obligations in a way that no man's name outshines them. We make no special claim for woman's sagacity,—no, not even her ethical sense. We do not think in the large estimate it will be found to be much superior to that of man. As Mrs. Poyser says, I think "God Almighty has made the women mostly fools to match the men." But in the name of justice, in the interest of that poise of sex, the rhythm of life, in the name of religion that has endowed men and women with living souls, loaded each with equal responsibilities, we demand the right of citizenship to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, such as the law already vouchsafes to Jack, the drunken fisherman, of whom she has written so pathetically. We demand, in the name of all fairness, that the municipal privileges and responsibilities which the city of Boston gives to her coachman be granted to Mrs. Mary Hemenway, one of the most intelligent and munificent philanthropists residing in Boston to-day,—she who spends thousands upon thousands of dollars each year in educating the boys and girls of Boston in the traditions of their country through the Old South historical work; in the economies of the fireside mill, through her cooking school; for the practical exigencies of life through her kitchen garden, industrial and manual school patronages. In the name of our state, and for the love of our beautiful country, we demand that Mary A. Livermore and Frances Willard be called in to help, even as we have called in the help of Fritz, Hans, Pat and Sambo. Our country needs the help of these exalted citizens, and it will not refuse the uplifting right to these humble novitiates from foreign shores.

That country alone can resist the disintegrating forces of time that combines the cohesiveness, that makes a unity of the whole to resist all the invading forces of death and disintegration; and also that elasticity that recognizes the sanctity of the unit, that secures freest play to the complex forces, and greatest encouragement to the new ideas and diverging tendencies. The course of social evolution has been up through the tribal—the confederation—to the national life, that culminates in the individuation of every particular unit in the commonwealth. There is no poise for the state until man grants to woman the privileges vouchsafed by brain that have been denied by brawn, and until woman is willing to accept her share of the serious responsibilities which now too exclusively rest upon the shoulders of man.

But it is urged that the "home and not the individual is

the unit of society." This is a sentimental fiction denied by history and unwarranted by science. The home itself is obliterated the moment you ignore the sacred fact that it is made up of units whose rights are inalienable and unquestionable. That the home is the unit of the state, and that man represents that unit, and that woman must be content to shine through him as a candle through a lantern, is a doctrine that belongs to the age of the wigwam, the traveling herd, the harem and the belated Mormon. The doctrine of modern science, as well as the code of the modern state, to say nothing of the demands of spiritual religion, is that the unborn babe has rights which no head of the family can encroach upon with impunity. The daughter has a mind and soul which are as sacred in the presence of the father as they are in the presence of God. The woman, married or unmarried, is, or should be, the arbiter of her own conscience, the administrator of her own property, and the possessor of her own person, and every court in the land will defend her in these rights. In practice, the most conservative woman is ready to claim this right; they that are so willing that their husbands should hold their proxy upon election day do not hesitate upon a Sunday to insist upon the right of attending a church which the husband disapproves of, and they feel aggrieved if he will not accompany them to listen to doctrines he does not believe in. We yield to no one in our regard for the sanctity of the home; but the home is made up of *man and woman*, neither one of which finds his or her complement until the indestructible, globular quality of soul is recognized. After such recognition the special functions of each will be more nobly fulfilled. There is no need of building fences to keep the chickens out of the water. Nature will take care of her own distinctions, if human nature will demolish the arbitrary ones. From this high ground of equality the mother realizes that the safety of her cradle is dependent upon the purity of the executive mansion; and the father sees that the nation is served by every pair of baby shoes he buys, and that international justice is closely linked with the sweetness of his own fireside.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

To The Century Plant.

Abide with me!
Let, now, the years evolve in thee
A mighty wish to be
Sweet influence, uplifting good,
Left with the human brotherhood
Eternally.

Thou shalt, thus fraught,
Climb heavenward like a speeding thought,
Thine every fiber taught
To yield itself a sacrifice
Most joyful, when for human eyes.
A flower is wrought.

Is this the best
Of all the human race has guessed?
What stirs within my breast?
What whispers of a life to be,
A future task laid by for me
At God's behest?

A life I miss
Till in the perfect flower of this
It takes its root; to kiss
Self-sacrifice as pure as thine,
And find another portion mine
From time's abyss.

Is't joy or pain?
The pangs attending growth remain;
A human soul which fain
Would bear the woe that God conceives
For noble ends, on Him believes,
I must maintain,

And seeks a joy
God meant should lead it, and employ
Its natural love; alloy
Of low desire God may despise,
Hold to this high self-sacrifice,
Yet not destroy.

For things there be
Harder to bear, sweeter to see
Than this thou teachest me,
Else would no dream have reached us here
Of that which bound our narrow sphere,
Infinity.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

The Religion in It.

Dr. McGlynn, in his anti-poverty speeches, never tires of expressing his joy on account of the religion that is in the movement. In this he has the sympathy of thousands, among them many who had been atheists, and who have had a father in heaven revealed to them first through "Georgeism." Where would one naturally have looked for the most practical exposition of the doctrine of "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man?" As I read the glowing words of an excommunicated Catholic priest in explanation and application of the Lord's prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Declaration of Independence, while professed liberal Christians turn a deaf ear to his theme, this text comes to mind: "He came to his own, and his own received him not." But they will. Some of them are only looking too high on the mountain tops for the sunrise.

Those of us who must believe in a good God or in none at all, would long ago have become atheists had not our trust in God's goodness far exceeded our actual knowledge. How glad we are to find a farther justification of this "larger hope" in the new land doctrine! To be able to see that God is really wiser, and better than the condition of human affairs has made him appear to be; to know that "on earth as in heaven" his will may be done and his kingdom may come so that every child born into this earthly life may at the very gate of birth find conditions that make possible to it, in a full, glad sense, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I know of no more clear teaching of the doctrine of the equal "right of all to the use of the earth" than is found in the ninth chapter of Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics." That in itself is not Georgeism, though it is the foundation principle—that the ownership of the earth by individuals is wrong, since all have an equal right to its use. This is admitted by many who can see no way out of the present conditions. Evidently it would never do to parcel out the land among any set of "present inhabitants," thus defrauding other generations. And then some situations are much more desirable, and so more valuable than others. All do not want land, even to build on, to say nothing of cultivating it. Yet there is a way of equalizing the land privilege, of giving each one his or her share of the common estate—our earth. It is no patent remedy for a disease that Mr. George offers. He has discovered a great wrong, a deep injustice at the foundation of our human relations, and he simply says, "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well." That is the religion that is in it. In other words, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly?"

What gives money value to land? Take any city lot which has never been improved—is it not the growth and enterprise of the whole population that causes its rise in value?

Does it make any difference in the increase whether the owner is lazy or industrious, whether he is intemperate or not? To the public which created that rise in value, the "unearned increment" belongs. The man who "owns" it may have invested his last dollar in its purchase, like the "poor widow" who, a generation ago, was supposed to have her little all invested in a few slaves. The proclamation of emancipation took away the widow's slaves, giving her no recompense. The George theory takes no man's land from him, nor even requires of him restitution for the land values he has already drawn as rent or as increase in value from our common estate. It only puts an end to the taking of the state's natural revenue by private individuals. Let the man (every man and woman) keep his land if he wishes to,—keep it and use it and pay the public for the privilege. He cannot afford to keep it unless he does use it in some way, so as to get back the price of the ground rent, or land value tax which he will be required to put into the public treasury. Those who have the best situations—business lots, water fronts, fine views, mines or valuable wells—must pay for their extra privileges. Thus it will happen that the land value tax on a single city business lot will often exceed the tax on a large and valuable farm. The national W. C. T. U., under competent advice, does not hesitate to promise a yearly rent of \$35,000 for the piece of land upon which it proposes to build a temperance temple. Suppose that all these rentals went into the public treasury instead of into private pockets. It might cause many to work for a living who now live in idleness upon the labor of others; but what might not that treasury do for them as a part of the public, and for us all? Could not the necessary expenses of government be met by the tax on land value alone? Think what a lessening of government expenses that change would make!

In the natural rise of land values wherever population increases and improves, we see now, with reverent delight, a most beautiful provision for the increasing needs of a growing population. This is the natural revenue of the state, a simple tax on the value of land without reference to its improvements; or ground rent from those who use the land which is our common inheritance.

That is all there is of the famous land doctrine—that every one may use the land, but no one may own it; that all who do use it shall pay for the privilege, if the land they use has acquired a money value because of the scarcity of that particular kind of situation or privilege; and the revenue from this source is supposed to be so ample and so sure and safe that all taxes on products and improvements can be dropped; the state need no longer "confiscate" private property to make good its loss from the stealings of individuals. Land may no longer be considered private property; only that which is produced by labor of hand or brain is private property, and the public has no right to take that by taxation (often ruining some business or discouraging improvements by the tax on industry and enterprise), unless in some emergency it may need more than its natural revenue from land values, and so vote further contributions from us, the people.

This change in the method of taxation is not all that Mr. George advocates in the way of reform; but it is the first step, the one without which no other reform can avail much, but which, once accomplished, makes every other step far more easy and effectual than without it.

The change of taxation may cause temporary hardship to a minority, while greatly lightening the "doom of the majority" in this world. But all must profit by the great improvement in the general welfare. Speculators will drop great quantities of land now held "for a rise," and much land easy of access, now lying idle, can be taken for homes and shops and for tillage, giving work to the unemployed, and causing a natural rise of wages as the crowd of those who must work for almost nothing or starve grows less. With taxes removed from products and improvements, food, and clothing and utensils will grow cheaper. The terrible strain upon the nerves of those who are in the race for wealth, or clinging to the rag-

ged edge of poverty, liable at any time to get "out of work" and slip into the abyss where an increasing number suffer in hopeless wretchedness—this strain will be greatly relieved, and rich and poor alike will have less craving for stimulants, more of that wholesome rest of body and mind which health requires.

No one knows what the public fund from land values will give us,—perhaps light and heat in all our houses, free galleries and libraries and gymnasiums and baths and free transportation. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the beautiful co-operation that may result, when we have realized the fact that Our Father has given our planet for the use and blessing of our whole human brotherhood, that here on earth his will may be done as it is in heaven.

F. E. R.

THE UNITY CLUB.

The Trial and Death of Socrates.

OUTLINE STUDIES FOR FOUR EVENINGS.

The "Apology," the "Crito," and the "Phædo" are the three dialogues of Plato to be studied. The first purports to be Socrates' defense, when tried for his life on the charges of impiety and corrupting the youth; the second is an account of his refusal to escape from prison after sentence of death had been pronounced; the third is a conversation concerning immortality, said to have been held with his friends in the prison on the last day of his life.

Each member of the class is supposed to read each dialogue at home before the evening spent together on it. Miss Mason's "Socrates," an admirable translation of the three dialogues (the less important parts of the "Phædo" being omitted), with introductions and notes, is the best and cheapest textbook for the class. (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price, 50 cents.) The introductions should be carefully read, if no other aids are used. F. J. Church's "Trial and Death of Socrates" contains the same three dialogues, with the "Euthyphron" (concerning "Piety") added, and a good introductory essay. (Macmillan & Co.: New York. \$1.25.) Professor Jowett's is the standard English translation of Plato; its first volume contains the dialogues we need, each with its introduction and analysis. (Four volumes, \$8.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

But to come face to face with Socrates, two other portraits from his own time must be studied, namely, Xenophon's "Memorabilia," a more authentic picture of the master than Plato's (read, at least, Book I., and the closing chapter of Book IV., for these concern the trial); and the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, the burlesque played in the theater of Athens, 423 B. C. The latter is a very humorous caricature, which uses Socrates's well-known figure as type of all the derided philosophers and sophists of his day. Read, also, Miss Mason's second book, "A Day with Socrates in Athens," containing parts of the "Protagoras" and "Republic," to get "one of the most vivid pictures which have come down to us of the age in which Socrates and Plato lived and taught."

Any good history of Greece will give the time-and-place frame; and any general history of philosophy, like Uberweg's or Lewes's will have its tribute to, and criticism of, the method and the influence of Socrates. Among the most careful is Zeller's "Socrates and the Socratic Schools."

Helpful essays:—Grote's "History of Greece," volume VIII., chapter 67, defending the "Sophists;" and chapter 68, on Socrates. The latter chapter is by all means to be read. See also Grote's large work on Plato; Blackie's "Four Phases of Morals," chapter 1; Church's introductory essay, already mentioned; Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church," volume III., chapter 46,—picturesque and suggestive. Socrates and Jesus are compared in this chapter by Stanley, in the *North American Review* for January, 1885; and in the *Unitarian Review*, volume II., 1874.

The programmes that follow will be found to crowd a two-hours' meeting, unless the "papers" be each but ten to twenty minutes long; the "discussions" do little more than open subjects, grow interesting, and pass resolutely onwards, and the whole conduct of the meetings be crisp and brisk. A leader who will keep talk to the point, keep it moving, and keep it general, is almost essential; but it is no bad plan in Unity Club work to train leaders to do all this by throwing the responsibility of doing it successfully on different members in turn. Where longer papers and more thorough discussions are preferred, it would be better to omit part of the programmes, or make each one serve for two evenings. But this, if done, should be done by deliberate plan beforehand, not driftingly.

FIRST EVENING—THE "APOLOGY" OF SOCRATES.

"Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I shall obey the God rather than you."

"A life without cross-examination is not life at all."

"There can no evil befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead."

(1) *Great Words.* A round-the-class exercise; each one give from memory the noblest sentence that he finds in the "Apology."

(2) *Paper.* "Athens in the Day of Socrates."

The place-and-time frame.—The wonderful city in the wonderful century. The war of uplift. The age of Pericles,—democracy, drama, art. The war of ruin. Describe the city. Show pictures, if possible.

(3) *Notes and Queries.* Short oral explanations of

(a) Allusions to the Athenian Democracy; for instance, the *citizens* as distinguished from the other residents and the slaves: the *Assembly*; the *Senate*; the *General Court*; the *Eleven*; the *Prytaneum*, etc.

(b) The Greek Oracles.

(4) *Paper.* "Greek Philosophy before Socrates, and the Sophists of his Day."

The thought-frame.—(a) Decay of the myths. Rise of philosophy with its problem of the One in the Many. How the Physicists, the Pythagoreans, the Ontologists, the Atomists, severally answered that problem. What Socrates, the "philosopher of the market place," said to it. (b) Early Greek idea of education. Effect of democracy upon it. The new Rhetoric and Dialectics. Rise of the Sophists. What were they? Is their bad repute deserved? Socrates's relations to them: was he one of them, or one against them?

(5) *Discussion.*

(a) Socrates's character, as shown by the "Apology:" suppose nothing were known of him but this defense, what qualities would we sum up as "Socrates?" Was Socrates a "Christian?"

(In reading the three dialogues at home, note down passages akin to Bible passages, for use on the fourth evening.)

(b) Socrates's "daemon:" what was it,—guardian spirit, Quaker light, or what? Anything like it in your experience.

(c) Socrates's religious belief: was it a belief in the "gods," or in God, or in both? Was his teaching dangerous to the popular faith? (Plato's would-be banishment of the poets as myth-makers: see his "Republic," Books II, III, X.) In our day, is there any similar distinction between the faith of the people and that of the "philosophers?" In such cases is the one faith "true," and the other faith "false?"

(d) Socrates's test of wisdom, and his method of applying the test: would he find to-day the same "conceit of knowledge without the reality" among the same classes? How would it be among our theologians? And how would such a "gad-fly sent of God" to-day fare at our hands? What class of men would give him the best welcome?

SECOND EVENING—"CRITO."

"It is not mere living which should be valued above everything else, but living a good life."

(1.) *Great Words.* The noblest sentence in the "Crito," around-the-class from memory exercise.

(2.) *Paper.* "A Day in Athens with Socrates."

A sketch of his life, looks and ways. Follow him round among the streets and shops. (See the "Memorabilia," and Miss Mason's second volume named above.)

After-talk.—Would you know him if you met him? And would he nettle you or charm you? Each one imagine his neighbor's pet ideas cross-questioned by the Great Examiner.

(3.) *Paper.* "The Three Socrates,—Aristophanes's, Xenophon's and Plato's."

The two described. Which is the real Socrates,—Xenophon's or Plato's? Compare the Jesus of the first three Gospels and the Jesus of John's Gospel. How account for such differences? The ancient custom of *pseudonymy*; and its ethics.

After-talk.—What is an "historic" character? A Master's three-fold personality,—the actual man, the disciples' man, the man of later reverence or obloquy.

(4.) *Paper.* "The Apology of Xanthippe."

"As curst and shrewd as Socrates's Xanthippe,"—says Shakespeare; but give *her* side of the matter: Imagine Socrates at home.

(5.) *Discussion.* Some one introduce it with a word about the Greek Citizen's relation to his State. Then—

(a) What does "Higher Law" mean? Its relation to the State's Law? If they conflict, which should the individual obey? Is the State right in enforcing its law? How, usually, are bad laws made better?

(b) Was Socrates right, in the "Apology," in refusing to obey the Athenian people? Was he right, in the "Crito" question, in refusing to *disobey* the laws? Were the two refusals consistent with each other? Was the verdict of the Court just or unjust? How would *you* have voted?

Compare American fugitive-slave laws; English marriage laws; laws against freedom of speech, press, religion; anti-anarchist laws. W. C. G.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A NEW window has just been erected in St. Margaret's, Westminster, in honor of the Queen's jubilee, for which Browning wrote the following verse:

"Fifty years' flight!" Wherein should he rejoice
Who hailed their birth, who as they die decays?
This—England echoes his attesting voice:—
Wondrous and well—Thanks, Ancient Thou of days."

This suggests certain other lines of this poet, not included in the otherwise excellent and beautiful American edition of Robert Browning's poems recently published by the Houghton Mifflin House, of Boston. We print below the omitted lines with the suggestion that those possessing the above named "complete edition," should make it still more complete by pasting in it these omitted lines. Perhaps some of our Browning students may miss others; we will be glad to know of them.

"Thus I wrote in London, musing on my betters
Poets dead and gone, and lo, the critics cried:
'Out on such a boast!' as if I dreamed that fetters
Binding Dante, bind up me! as if true pride—
Were not also humble!
So I smiled and sighed—
As I ope'd your book on Venice, this bright morning,
Sweet new friend of mine! and felt the clay or sand—
Whatsoe'er my soil be—break, for praise or scorning
Out in grateful fancies—weeds, but weeds expand
Almost into flowers, held by such a kindly hand."

This is an additional stanza to the lines, "Touch Him Ne'er So Lightly," written in Miss Edith Longfellow's album, first published in *Scribner's Magazine*. The following is "The Names:"

"Shakespeare! to such name's sounding, what succeeds,
Fifty as silence? Falter forth the spell,—
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
With his soul only; if from lips it fell,
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,
Would own! 'Thou did'st create us.' Naught impedes.
We voice the other name, man's most of might,
Awesomely, lovingly: let awe and love
Mutely await their working, leave to sight
All of the issue as—below—above—
Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove,
Though dread, this finite from that infinite."

This foregoing was published in 1884, in the Shakespearean Show Book:

"Only the prism's obstruction shows aright
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light
Into the jewelled bow from blindest white;
So may a glory from defect arise:
Only by deafness may the vexed love wreak
Its insuppressible sense on brow and cheek,
Only by dumbness adequately speak
As favored mouth could never, through the eyes."

The above was written in 1862 to a statuary group of the deaf and dumb children of Sir Thomas Fairbairn.

Encyclopedia of Living Divines and Christian Workers of all Denominations, in Europe and America. Being a supplement to Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Rev. Phillip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., and Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, M.A. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Cloth, pp. 271. Price, \$3.00.

This book is so well described in its title that but little further notice is needed. The large, double-column pages are printed in clear type. The names are printed in a full-faced letter, which makes reference an easy task. The biographical notices are generally brief, but full of facts. The scope of the book is comprehensive. A glance through the C's shows the names of George L. Cary, John W. Chadwick, William Henry Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Robert Laird Collier, Robert Collyer, M. D. Conway; and in other letters, the columns are well sprinkled with names of workers for the liberal faith. The denominational connection of every person noticed is given, and generally the doctrinal preferences are shown by brief phrases, such as, for instance, "liberal," "radical Unitarian," "Channing Unitarian," etc. The work will prove very useful to all interested in religion and religious workers.

Bible Studies from the Old and New Testaments, covering the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1888. By Geo. F. Pentecost, D.D. A. S. Barnes & Co.: New York and Chicago.

The International Sunday-school Lessons for the first half of the year are upon the New Testament, the second half upon the Old Testament. Fifty-three lessons in all, and a commentary, amounting upon an average to four pages of closely printed matter by Mr. Pentecost upon each lesson is herein set forth. Mr. Pentecost's comments are, in the main, made up of the easy sort of moralizing of which the modern preacher can do so very much with so very little trouble. And yet no doubt this book will be very useful for the purpose for which it is intended; it will, for the time being, make every Sunday-school teacher who uses it as good a preacher as Mr. Pentecost. The whole trouble in the matter is, that all the real *questions* of all kinds are ignored rather than discussed, and the time and space are used for simple preaching.

Fortunes of the Faradays. By Amanda Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 407. Price, \$1.50.

This is rather a fairy-like recital, showing how a refined and intelligent family were by a series of fortunate happenings raised from comparative poverty to a position of wealth, enjoying its attendant refinements and luxuries. The family were thus afforded an opportunity to develop and cultivate native talents, and were profited in various ways. The story ends in the good old fashioned way, happily for all, and is told in a cheerful manner.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

Justice.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. J. LL. JONES, AT CHICAGO,
JANUARY 8, 1888.

(Published by the Congregation.)

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—MICAH VI: 8.

I.

"TO DO JUSTLY."

What is religion? I hope you have given this question so much thought as to render you dissatisfied with any stiff, concise or sectarian definition of the same. I trust that you have outgrown all dogmatic definitions or doctrinal tests of religion. I hope that no one article, no thirty-nine articles, clipped from the proceedings of any ecclesiastical convention, can offer adequate answer to this besetting question of all minds. The word religion covers an experience so broad that no one race can monopolize it, nor can any one age exemplify it. Religion overhangs humanity as the cloud drapery of the sky overhangs the earth,—now black and portentous, now lighted up into surpassing beauty; now the central sun pierces its folds with warmth and light, and anon it is melted into a glory too dazzling for the earth-trained eye to look upon. Let me change the figure. Religion, as interpreted by the sympathies and conceptions of the noblest, looms up before us like one of the great mountains of the world. Its base is buried in grassy slopes familiar to human feet, its sides slope upwards through the blue haze; its peak pierces the cloud that seems to rest upon its brow; its summit is clothed with the solemnity of perpetual whiteness. Our feet seldom reach the upper heights; our vision is too limited to discern its accurate outlines, our instruments are too imperfect to measure its dimensions,—but there the mountain stands, nevertheless, a solid, lasting sublime verity. Taking either figure or dispensing with both, I think religion everywhere and always presents to us certain universal elements, among which are the following: It besets the finite mind with a sense of infinitude; it ever confronts the human soul with a pressing mystery of life, it haunts the created with a sense of the Creator, with the questions—Whence? and Whither? Equally universal, I think, with these elements is the sense of inharmony between the finite and the infinite. Religion reveals a gulf between the actual and the ideal. First it is a chasm of terror,—the finite dreads the infinite power,—but later it becomes a sweet attraction. The soul yearns for wings, it asks for the powers of flight that will carry it towards the divine. It longs to bridge the chasm between the transient and the permanent. There is a hunger for the eternal.

Again, there is a cohesive power in religion that unites heart to heart, and in some very forcible fashion all to God. These universal forces in religion come in as correctives into human life; they enable men and women to achieve the highest that is possible to them within a given time. The testimony of history and of experience proves, I believe, that religion deals with substance, not shadows; realities, not forms. There is that to be symbolized back of all symbols. This morning I would try to push this search for the universal in religion a little farther, and see if we may not discover one abiding quality at least,—find something permanent amid the changes and wrecks of form. Rites and rituals, creeds and names change with the generations. What is it that ever remains? Micah from the prophetic hill-tops of Judea struck some of the enduring chords in this "harp of a thousand strings" when he sang "He hath shewed me, O man, what is good. And what doth the Eternal require of thee but to do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." On the placid plains of China, beneath the scorching suns of Persia, in the shade of Indian palm trees or mid the busy streets of London or Chi-

cago this text holds because it represents the indispensable, universal elements of religion,—justice, love and humility. To-day I will concern myself with justice only.

What is justice? Let art answer with its symbol, a pair of scales. Justice is balance, poise, equilibrium. The physical universe is order, not confusion; cosmos, not chaos. All evolution is a movement toward a more nice adjustment of part to part, of force to force. Attraction and repulsion strike their balance among the atoms, and they become solid granite. The centrifugal and centripetal forces tug away at the planet; both forces are obeyed—the straight line is curved and the planet continues its unjarring flight through space. Gravitation is that subtle poise of contending forces that permits the bird to flit through the air and hold all the stars in their courses. Emerson predicts the time when the teacher of religion will follow these shining laws until he sees "the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart." There is that in religion that stands for the law of balances. Society is an adjustment of conflicting forces, and when the laws of trade and labor are as well understood and as obediently followed by men as the laws of motion, chemical affinity and gravitation are obeyed in matter, then men and women will move in their social order as rhythmically and divinely harmonious as the stars. Justice implies this poise, and religion is a search for it. Take the nearest word-equivalents,—erect, correct, upright, downright,—and they all indicate a reaching after this balance; this proper relation of part to part. To be true is to discharge every obligation. "Ought" is the payment of what I owe. Duty is the settlement of my dues. Justice, then, is not mere conformity to the laws of the United States, the laws of Moses, or any other external code, but it is the conforming to the laws of the moral universe, which are as inexorable when defied and beautiful when obeyed as are the laws of the material universe. Justice is not conforming to the dictates of your own conscience, but it is conforming to the conscience of the universe. Justice thus understood insists that there is a place for every individual in the moral universe as there is for every atom in the material universe, and when in its right place every individual, like every grain of sand, has rights which Deity himself is bound to respect. Justice thus interpreted, you will readily see, is a prophetic and not a popular requirement of religion. Men have hardly learned how to pronounce the word justice yet.

This recognition of the universe as an unit, and of God as the uniform and persistent power of which the universe of matter and of mind are manifestations, is just dawning upon the souls of men. It is insisted upon more often by the teachers of science than the teachers of religion. Rhys-Davids, perhaps the greatest authority on Buddhism, says that Buddhism should be classed among the very latest productions of the human mind. In this large time view we may well say that justice is a recently introduced element in religion. Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, and all the great Bible religions have sprung out of modern times comparatively speaking, when we think of the unnumbered thousands of years through which the race in its childhood has crept through unlettered ignorance and unclassified thought. We can see readily that religion was in the world before morality, and that they had found word or words for God before they had found a word for justice. The crude thought and primitive feeling that belong to the childhood of the race still survive in our religious vocabulary and institutions; even yet, as in the days of pagan Greece and Rome, the very gods men worship are selfish, partial, changeable and unjust. Like the ancient Athenians the devotees at the altars of religion confess themselves tired of the word justice, and they ostracize him who makes it the prime requirement of his life, as Aristides was ostracized from Athens long ago. A life shaped by justice is even yet sometimes characterized in our pulpits as more dangerous than a life of wickedness, and "righteousness" is compared to "filthy rags." In the great creeds of Christendom there is more about the *Trinity*, the *Immaculate Conception*, *Atone-ment*, *Sacrifice*, *Hell* and *Bodily Resurrection* than there is

about justice. Read any of them, and note how small is the emphasis placed upon this central word. Article XII of the thirty-nine articles of religion frankly states that good works, although pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, cannot put away our sins, and do endure the severity of God's punishment. Article XIII goes still farther and urges that good works, arrived at in any other way than through the theological avenue recommended, "are not pleasant to God, neither do they make men meet to receive grace." And it naively concludes "we doubt not but they have the nature of sin." The pulpit themes most familiar to church-going ears are still those that relate themselves to problems of baptism, sacraments, church extension, and what is to become of scientists and infidels in the next world, rather than the ever-present, pressing demands of justice. The hymn books of the past have had more to say of pearly gates, jasper walls, angel wings and the chorus of seraphim and cherubim than the claims of our neighbor and the demands of the Golden Rule.

This line of thought, and the large class of facts developed thereby, presents itself to me this morning, not for the purpose of theological controversy, but as illustration of the great law of development, without an appreciation of which our study of religion would end nowhere. Try to realize how slowly and painfully have the higher conceptions been evolved, how laboriously are the higher rounds of the spiritual ladder attained. I would show you the long way of the past, that we may better appreciate the high vantage ground of to-day, and the more confidently reach after the still higher ways of the future. I would call your attention to the fact that even Christianity, one of the latest and best ministrants of soul, has fixed the gaze of man so steadily on the blood-stains on Calvary that it is in danger of forgetting the deep injustice that set that blood flowing, that still wounds and crucifies the anointed right. The Christly virtues of love, honor and truth still have their Gethsemanes and Golgothas. I would hasten the time when righteousness, the great word of Hebrew prophecy, the battle-cry of the Old Testament, will lay aside its formal garments with which it has been clothed, and when it will come forth draped in the warm, loving, living attributes of the heart's noblest passion. This can not be done until we realize that justice is the constitution of the kingdom of God. It is more than the Ten Commandments, though they were engraved by God's own hand on thunder-capped Sinai. Justice is more than paying your debts and letting other people alone. Its demand can not be determined by appealing, Shylock-like, to what is "nominated in the bond." Mythology was the theology of the untutored—the poetry of untrained minds. It has grown out of the fertile but unenlightened heart of humanity. Among the deities in this Pantheon was Astræa, once the goddess of Justice, who walked on earth until man fell from his golden estate; then she was metamorphosed into one of the stars of heaven. Art has blindfolded this mute divinity. She has been elevated to the dome of our modern court houses; but religion insists that the bandage be torn off, and that she preside within the court house a living intelligence, using all her senses.

Justice, if it is the rightful moral relation of things, is the key to all our modern perplexities. It curbs my liberties so that they co-ordinate and not overshadow those of another. It will not allow us to stand in each other's way; there is a place for both. This thought of justice, arrived at through the slow inductions of human experience, enforced by the careful generalizations of science, demands a readjustment of our thought of God; indeed, it gives us a new idea of God. The gods of polytheism were querulous,—they tried to thwart each other's treachery with cunning. A candid study of the Old Testament shows up the Jehovah of the Hebrews as a partial, jealous deity, whose special favor and love were limited to the inhabitants of a strip of land some 180 miles by 70 on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. He hated the Gentile world and slaughtered Egyptian babes and whelmed the Egyptian warriors in the waters of the Red Sea. Much

of the so-called Christian theology gives us an omnipotent Shylock for God. So exacting is he for that which is written "in the bond" that he permits the innocent to be executed that the million guilty ones may go free. Under the domination of such ideas can we emphatically say "Do justly?" The soul must stand upon the serenest heights from which he sees all the forces of the universe moving with divine certainty towards holy and impartial ends. They represent a just God, who enfolds the weakest in his protecting law. The king on his throne, the priest at his altar, and the swallow on the house-top, in Him find shelter. When we recognize that the forces that paint the violet, and pierce the crystal with light as divine, and know that God is on duty preserving the balance of function in the most obscure recesses of the universe, as well as in the large events of human history, then will justice to the smallest and weakest become within us a religious passion; truth and right will become the prime words in our devotion, and the devotees will exclaim in the words of Carlyle, the stalwart prophet of the gospel of justice, "Know, O brother man, that the great soul of the world is just. At the bottom all is justice. Forget that and you forget all, and the whole universe is against you."

This larger thought of God of course gives us a larger thought of providence—God's method of dealing with men. Religion now insists, in tones that can not be misunderstood, that you and I and all men are dealt with now and always with exact justice. There is no wavering from this by the providence of the Almighty. "O Lord, if we had had our just deserts we would long ere this have been cut down and cast into outer darkness," has been the language of many a devout one. But religion to-day says: "Hush such blasphemy! You have had your just deserts up to this present moment—nothing more and nothing less; you are to-day held at your exact valuation at the market of God, for He is just." "Just my luck," says the faithless in the presence of disappointment or disaster. No, not luck; your fault or somebody's else. There is sure and direct cause for it all. There is no "luck," for all is law, and God is just. Men used to say "God's Providence," when some worthy plan failed; now, with more wisdom, they say "man's improvidence." Men used to talk of the "fated ship," when the vessel went down with her living cargo; now they talk of careless or incompetent shipmasters.

A little over sixteen years ago the world was startled by the news that Chicago was burned by what reporters called the "fire-fiend." Can we not say to-day that it was burned by the "fire-friend?" God was so good to this city that He would not change His beneficent law to its hurt. Just in proportion that men feel that they are dealt with *exactly* in this universe, that God deals out justice, nothing more and nothing less, whether they believe it or not, then will they begin themselves to do justly as they never have done before. You say this is terrible doctrine to the poor sinner! No, not terrible, but beautiful consolation. Saving strength to the sinner is this doctrine. It is the power of life unto salvation to him. Should our prayers to be saved from the consequences of our own actions be answered we would lose far more than we would gain. The young man arraigned before the court burst into tears when his attorney assured him that justice would be done him and exclaimed, "That, sir, is what I am afraid of." He little understood what heavenly benedictions uncompromising justice had for his guilty conscience. Ned Bratts and his wife, uncouth characters in Robert Browning's poem of this name, who voluntarily brought their unsavory lives to confession before the court and on bended knee begged the Majesty to make haste and hang them that they might have done with their bestiality and face the light, were nearer the truth than this trembling criminal at the bar. But Mildred Tresham, in another of Browning's stories,—whose pathetic confession she sobbed over and over:

"I was so young—I loved him so—I had
No mother—God forgot me and I fell!"

saw deeper into the workings of divine justice than either of these. When later on she was not afraid to speak before her God her full defence, she could say :

"I dare approach that heaven
Which has not bade a living thing despair,
Which needs no code to keep its grace from stain,
But bids the vilest worm that turns on it
Desist and be forgiven."

Let me try to be a little less theological, and bring home the subject on its human side. When we can think of justice, not as some cold system of book-keeping or mechanical arrangement of our obligations, but as an imperative, cosmic law enforced by the movements of the universe, we will give it more attention—yes more devotion than is our custom. Our thought of justice must grow like all our other thoughts ; it means all it has in the past and more. Justice demands that we pay our debts and more, that we give fair days' wages for fair days' work, and more. Justice sometimes says give bread to the hungry and clothe the naked, but not always. But it always says, "You must not occupy more standing-room than belongs to you in society." To quote Carlyle again, "Justice is truth acted out." But it is more than that. It is truth thought out, felt out in regard to all the other beings who share the bounty of creation with you. What mean all these discordant notes that fill our ears,—the strife between labor and capital, between producer and consumer, between the governed and the government, between sect and sect? Why has not the rumble of cannon balls and the clash of armament passed from the face of the earth? It is because the canker worm of injustice is still gnawing away at the core of society. Religion has not taught men to be mindful of this law of poise. The false balance is still an abomination to the Lord of the universe. But men have been very slow to realize it. Our religion has had too much to say about "charity," too little to say about justice. If the criminal and the pauper were granted full justice, they would have little need of what we falsely denominate "charity." You see the limp, inefficient hand held out for the dime to "buy a loaf of bread" that he may not starve, and you ask, In the name of sweet charity will you not allay the pangs of that stomach? But religion says in the name of sweeter justice: "Nay, withhold the blighting, the debilitating dole. Give him instead the open path to honest industry, to fair remuneration. Then, if he refuses to walk therein, let him receive the divine persuasions in the way of pain and hunger. Aye, do you give him justice, and then if he refuses to walk in the paths thereof do you follow the divine justice. Let him starve himself out of the life that can do him no further good into whatever possibilities there may be in store for him in another." When the vicious begs in pity's name at our hand, let us in justice remember how he fell on the slippery place where we scarcely stood with all the helps which he had not. In justice let us remember that he was crowded to the wall because we very likely occupied more than our share of the secure ground. That low forehead, that hungry heart, that narcotized frame, arraign what we call the best society before the criminal bar at which he stands, and make of those who represent the latter perhaps the greater criminals. Let not the judge in pity shorten his sentence, but in the name of high justice let him also pronounce theirs—let him demand that they

"Put a thought beneath his rags
To ennoble the heart's struggle."

We boast so proudly of our so-called charitable institutions, and upon them rest our claims to be a Christian people. I would not underestimate the genial impulses that gave these institutions existence ; but in the last analysis they are monumental witnesses to the injustice of our times. They aggravate the disease they are meant to cure. With our tender left-handed charity we nip off here a bud and there a bud of violence and cruelty, while with our thoughtless and greedy right hand we water diligently the great tree of injustice that grows Upas-like to yield its harvest of direful fruit, our inefficient charities, our narrow soul-saving institutions, our protective laws, all of them justifiable and necessary when com-

pared to the mountainous injustice of man toward man. The greed for money and lust for power remind us of the man running with his hat to stop the leak in the ship's side through which a cannon ball had pierced. It is Mother Partington trying to keep back the Atlantic ocean with her mop.

When Jesus gave religious recognition to publicans, when he granted fellowship to sinners, which, in New Testament phrase, means transgressors of the ecclesiastical, not the moral code, when he threw his protection over the fallen one he was simply standing for even-handed justice, which we debase when we call it charity. He only did what was right and what all others ought to do. I do not understand the intricacies of trade or the complications of politics well enough to know where the sin lies or how the remedy is to be applied, but I know that there is injustice in the land ; labor and capital are not adjusted by the perfect balance, and there is power in the hands of those where reason, fairness and rectitude are not found in adequate counter-balance. While this is so, I will look with interest and profound gratitued upon the labors of such zealous, devoted (and the word here suggests its companion word "devout") workers as Henry George, Father McGlynn and their associates of the Anti-Poverty Society, and will keenly regret that I do not know enough to take hand in the solemn discussion, and to take part in the holy war against injustice somewhere. And I will be patient and sympathetic with the ill-advised and misdirected agitation, because I think there is a hope for justice wherever there is a blind sense of injustice making miserable the life and unsettling the artificial in society.

In putting justice first among the requirements of universal religion, making its demands the highest among the sanctities, we give thereby intellect a high place in the spiritual life,—we make reason an essential element in piety. A child can give alms to a beggar, but only a wise man can do justice to him. Whoever would shape his conduct on the lines of the universe must seek an ever-growing acquaintance with the methods of this universe ; and the only church that permanently blesses a community is the church that expands the souls, enlarges the minds, increases the life of the members of that community. Justice and judgment have common roots, and they travel the same route ; both are based on the laws of the universe, and they are revealed through the rational nature of man ; justice is impossible to the ignorant. No man can be just without much thought. No state can be just that is not intelligent. No church can serve the cause of justice that is not rational. Dishonesties of thought breed more injustice in the world to-day than dishonesties of action. A dishonest banker visits cruel injustice upon men,—he robs the widow of her pittance and the mechanic of his earnings ; he breaks down men's confidence in trade and renders uncertain the commercial transactions upon which rest the material prosperity of the community. But a dishonest thinker, a timid or shiftless priest, who, at the sacred altars of religion, debauches the reason of men and women, does an infinitely greater wrong to society because he breaks down men's confidence in the spiritual verities ; he confounds the laws of thought, he blurs the conscience, debauches the reason, robs the mind of its integrities. Upon these eventually rest all commerce and all industry.

Justice is, therefore, the fundamental element of the mind as well as the heart. It is fundamental in religion because it is fundamental in morals, because it is based deep in the constitution of things ; it is the burden of God's revelation to man. It is revealed to him through the accumulated experiences of the ages. The intuitions of thoughtful generations have become to us the intuitions of right. When this dearly bought knowledge becomes baptized with the sanctities of religion, when morality is crowned with piety, then justice indeed will flow as a river. Then the Golden Rule will become the ritual of the soul, and conscience will be as delicately poised in the moral universe as the stars are in the physical. The great Lisbon earthquake in 1755 sent its disturbing wave clear across the Atlantic, and many days after the upheaval the

sands on the American shore were disturbed in consequence thereof. Even so sensitive is the poise of the spiritual universe. Every deed of wrong, aye, every unjust thought, gives rise to a disturbing wave upon the sea of life that will continue its work of violence until it disturbs the humblest atom on the farthest shore. Surely then justice, justice, justice must be the last behest of religion, whatever may be the first. Micah crowns the prophetic mountain, the base of which rests in the simple croonings of barbaric fear and superstitious ignorance. Sun and stars, thought, feeling, conscience, all the forces of the world within and the world without, are high sheriffs of God commissioned to enforce His commands. O soul of mine, be thou just that thou mayst know the God of justice, and find thy brother man, who is revealed to thee only in so far as thou dost weigh him in the just balances. O church of ours, become the church of justice. Do thou champion the rights of those who have none to plead their case. Do thou befriend those whom injustice has rendered friendless. Let this simple altar plead the cause of the outcast; be a Providence to the improvident, and be a home to those who have been made exiles by their thinking and rendered homeless by their sincerity. O church of ours, may it ask of no man, dole in the name of religion, but demand of all that come within its power that patronage of time, talent and money which is the right of religion, the just equivalent for service rendered. O church of All Souls, study well that divine justice that holds in respectful poise and delicate balance every grain of sand and every throb of spirit. Serve well those "shining laws that reveal the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and show that the ought, that duty is one thing with science, with beauty and with joy." O heaven-born religion, bring to us this energy of justice; link each to each in the bonds of equity, rebuke the lust of self, teach us to relinquish our unjust claims, inspire our souls so that all their energies may be bent in paying all we owe and settling all our dues. Thus wilt thou make duty and ought regnant words in our confessions of faith, the king-words of our religion. Then discord of life will become harmonious and dissonance will melt into melody; strife will melt into co-operation, and righteousness will appear to man as it always has appeared to God, the only road to heaven.

ASTRÆA.

"Jove means to settle
Astræa in her seat again,
And let down from his golden chain
An age of better metal."
BEN JONSON, 1615.

O POET rare and old!
Thy words are prophesies:
Forward the age of gold,
The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer
And hope are not in vain;
Rise, brothers! and prepare
The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes
From labor's board and can;
Perish shall all which makes
A spaniel of the man!

Free from its bonds the mind,
The body from the rod;
Broken all chains that bind
The image of our God!

Just men no longer pine
Behind their prison-bars;
Through the rent dungeon shine
The free sun and the stars.

Earth own, at last, untrod
By sect, or caste, or clan,
The fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man!

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth
The money-changers driven,
And God's will done on earth,
As now in heaven!

THE HOME.

The Apple Lesson.

A beautiful, rosy apple
Came into my hand one day
From the hand of a kindly neighbor,
Who dropped pleasure along his way.

"Could anything be more perfect?"

I said, as I turned it around;

"Perfectly lovely in color,
Perfectly sweet and sound."

But, when, with pride and pleasure,
I cut my gift in two,
The winding house of an apple worm
Came clearly into view.

How do you think he got there
To the heart of my beautiful treat?
How did he find a chance to spoil
So much that was fair and sweet?

Only one way could it happen:
Far back in the sunny spring,
When, instead of the fruit was a blossom,
(A delicate, tender thing,)

Right into the heart of the blossom,
An enemy thrust an egg,
So that when the little worm was hatched
He had neither to work nor beg.

For home and food were ready,
And then, as the apple grew,
The havoc made by the little worm
Grew steadily larger, too.

Did you ever think, dear children,
That young hearts are blossoms, too;
And the trouble that came to the apple bloom
May easily come to you?

Then watch you well in the spring time;
Let no *little* wrong come in
To grow as you grow, till, one day,
You'll find your fruit marred within.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

An Incident.

A glimpse of real life in a kindergarten comes to us in the following:

The children were sitting around in a circle playing the "shoemaker." The Directress stopped between two of the verses of the song to tell them about the funny little raps the cobbler gave the pegs in the shoe; then she told them of the carpenter's *heavy* blows on the big nails used in the wood. She told the children to look around and find some nails in the floor, and behold, not one to be seen! "Why, what holds the floor down?" "Well, little people, you go home and ask your papas, and tell me all about it to-morrow." Seven little ones came in the morning and reported that their papas said "the nails are there, plenty of them, but you can't see them," and they tried in their childish way to tell how they were "driven under." One little girl brought two pieces of pine board, each several inches long and two or three wide, which her father had whittled with his pen-knife, showing her how the boards were fitted together, with the tongue and groove; and showing, too, where the nail was driven deep in the groove. The children had a fine talk over it, and little Lily was sent home at noon with a big "thank you" for her papa, whom she found at the door, eager to know how his explanation had been received.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Denver, Colo.—Another department has been added to Unity church, in the form of Saturday evening social religious meetings. In these an opportunity is given for the asking and answering of any questions pertaining to religious views, though some definite topic is always announced. How we came by our present New Testament, was the theme on Saturday last. Sunday evening's discourse was upon Martin Luther, and we were shown that his bravery and love of goodness need more followers to-day. His bigotry and narrowness were deplored. A church directory has lately been issued, containing a photograph of the pastor and one of the church, in addition to matter usually found in directories. Nearly three hundred members' names appear, though these by no means represent the number attending services. The pastor's Annual Reception, held last week, was, to the recipients of invitations, a very pleasant affair. Only male pew-holders were favored, but there were enough of these to form a large party. A fine supper was given, with the ulterior aim of arousing enthusiasm in lifting the church debt, and the amount subscribed equalled the expectations. The Ladies' Aid Society has planned an entertainment to liquidate their assumed portion of the debt. At the meeting of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, held last Wednesday, a paper on temperance was substituted for the one announced in programme, and it was greatly enjoyed, and called out many earnest questions as well as differing views. E. H. H.

Woman's Gain.—“*The English Woman's Review* sums up some of the gain of woman—no gain of mankind. The women of Belfast, Ireland, are availing themselves of their newly-won privilege of franchise. The Woman's Liberal Association has established a federation, of which Mrs. Gladstone is president. Women on both sides of the water are taking their places as guardians of the poor—not in the ancient way of doling out old clothes and cold victuals at the back door, but in the larger and more helpful way of overseers and assistant overseers. And we find that the newly-appointed inspector of lace manufacture in Ireland is a lady. We sincerely hope that the business of inspecting our laces before we get them may not unsex her. You know that this has been our greatest danger in breaking from old customs. In England they are trying to introduce, with the precedent of New England to aid them, the appointment of police matrons.”

Chicago.—The union teachers' meeting was held as usual Monday noon. Mr. Blake, the leader, being absent, Mr. Jones took up the lesson, in Luke, 14th chapter. This seems to be a chapter largely devoted to lessons from feasts. Jesus, sitting at the table of one of the chief Pharisees, comments upon the manners and selfishness of his fellow-guests; later tells a story or parable to impress quite a different lesson. Mr. Blake arrived at this point, and remarked first upon the visiting and cheer upon the Sabbath that appears here in the narrative. The Sabbath, though a holy day upon which no work must be done, was yet a holiday. Then taking up the matter of the feast, the choosing out the chief rooms was explained in reference to Oriental customs. Each guest measures himself in comparison with all present as to his rank, and takes his place accordingly, but if a more honorable guest then arrives the master of the feast may have to rearrange the guests. It may also be his duty to correct any errors that guests may have made in their own estimates of their rank. As to the other feast, the parable, Mr. Blake said that the bidding the blind and the poor was a common thing among Orientals. The parable, as a whole, in Jesus' mouth, might have had two meanings. First, a purely kind and benevolent intention—sympathy for the poor; but secondly, a meaning that Luke would chiefly see and remember it for, namely, that if the Jews do not enter in and possess the kingdom of the Messiah other outsiders will be asked to come in. This is Pauline Christianity, to be sure; but the meaning is in the story as well as in other verses of this and the preceding chapter.

—The monthly meeting of the Chicago Women's Unitarian Association will occur on Thursday next, February 23, in the Third Unitarian church, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. The president, Mrs. S. W. Conger, will read a paper on “Contact with Children as an Educating Influence.”

Newark, N.J.—The “Unity Congregation” of Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost continues to attract large numbers; the hall is crowded each Sunday evening. The same sermon, if we understand it, is given the same day at Masonic Hall in New York city in the morning, and at Brooklyn in the afternoon. Each Sunday's programme is neatly printed with hymns and responsive services. An unique feature is the printing on the fourth page the financial statement of the week, which keeps the money problem of each week before the audiences and the movement on a solid financial basis. Mr. Pentecost has a frank way of talking. We do not wonder that large numbers like to hear a man who knows how to say what he means and who manifestly means what he says. Here is a sample from his sermon on “Parasites:” “The next class of parasites are the intellectual—the people who won't do their own thinking, who never know anything about the President's message, or the labor question, or politics, until they have read their favorite newspaper; who always vote with their party blindly, because it is easier to vote that way than to vote thoughtfully; the helpless ones who, when they see an editorial in a newspaper that presents a different view of a thing than accords with their own likes, write a letter to the editor right off, telling him to stop their paper. These are intellectual parasites. They are in a condition of moral and mental degeneracy.”

Cleveland, Ohio.—Dr. W. N. Hailmann, superintendent of public schools in La Porte, Ind., gave two lectures, February 10 and February 11, under the auspices of the Froebel Society. The first lecture, upon “The Essentials of the New Education,” was given in Unity church parlors, before an appreciative audience largely composed of teachers. The second lecture, upon “Sense and Nonsense in the New Education,” was given on Saturday afternoon in the rooms of the Board of Education. Both lectures were instructive, and were much enjoyed. On Sunday morning, by invitation of Mr. Hosmer, Dr. Hailmann spoke in Unity church upon “Culture and Efficiency” to a large congregation. Dr. Hailmann is a man of thought, warmed with earnest purpose, and has won friends by his works in the Forest City.

Muskegon, Mich.—Good Major Davis is no more in the flesh to bless his city with his benefactions, to be the center of the Unity circle in this place, to be the unwavering friend of UNITY and the Western Conference, to cheer them with his frequent visits, and to sustain them with his money. His funeral was held at the Opera house last Monday, Rev. Reed Stuart, of Detroit, officiating. Chauncy Davis belonged to that type of stalwart souls, matured by western pioneering, made tender by hardship and intelligent by activity, of which we hear much, but not enough, to secure the appreciation which they deserve. He began his career at twenty years of age, like so many others, by teaching school on the pioneer line in New York, and came westward with that line, and his growing career touched Chicago, Kenosha and Muskegon. Much of his life he was engaged in the lumbering interest, which would have made him very rich had he not been very generous and very just. The *Morning News*, at this place, estimates that he has given over a hundred thousand dollars for the public good in Muskegon, not in any one great thing to perpetuate his name, but in many good things to bless his town. Railroads, bridges, schools, halls, churches, libraries, all knew the patronage not only of purse, but of head and heart.

Champaign, Ill.—Acting in co-operation with the American Unitarian Association the Illinois Unitarian Conference has inaugurated a series of twelve liberal lectures to be given on Saturday evenings, and of twelve sermons on the Sundays following. The ministers of the state, with one or two from adjoining states, are to give their services, the eastern association bearing the incidental expenses. The visits are to be made fortnightly; six of them this spring and six of them next autumn. Mr. Jones, of All Souls Church, chairman of the committee, opens the course to-night (Saturday, the 18th) with a lecture on “The Relations of Religion and Culture;” to-morrow he preaches on “Spiritual Health.”

Sioux Falls, Dak.—The blizzard still holds its reign of terror over this country, and railroads are often blocked, so the dedication of the Home-Church is postponed until the flowers come. But the happy pastor, Miss Bartlet, will lead her large congregation into the new church for the first time to-morrow, and UNITY sends its greetings.

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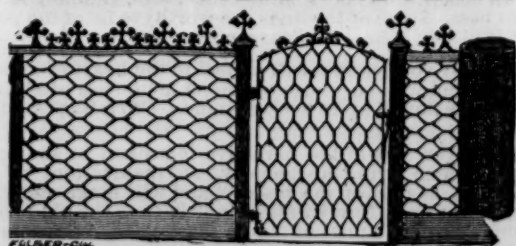
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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, March 3; subject, Clara Barton. Feb. 19, 7:30 P. M., Religious Study Class; subject, Egypt. Feb. 24, 4 P. M., Illustrated Art Lecture, by Mr. Utter; subject, The Decline.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 11 A. M., Rev. J. R. Effinger preaching. In the evening Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones will read a paper on Co-education of Parent and Child. Monday evening, Emerson section of the Unity Club. Browning section, Friday afternoon at 4 P. M. Bible Class, Friday, 7:30 P. M. Choral Club, 8:30 P. M.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 10:45 A. M.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, Monday, Feb. 20, at noon. Rev. Mr. Jones will lead.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent for notice by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading. Further notice must be conditional on the state of our columns and the interests of our readers. Any books in print will be mailed on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

The Method of Creation. By Henry W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S. London: The Sunday-school Association, Essex Hall, Essex street, Strand, W. C. Cloth, pp. 130. Price \$0 50
Bible Stories for Little Folks. By Isabel Lawford. London: Sunday-school Association. Paper, pp. 72. Price 35
Prophecy and Prophets. By Jacob Straub, A. M. Chicago: S. W. Straub & Co. Cloth, pp. 188. Price 1 00

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